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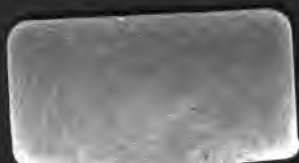
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Miss Price

From a

Sincere Friend

Dec^r 14th 1827 -











The Rev. Richard Polwhele,
AUTHOR OF
The History of Devonshire.

Published by J. Scovell, Cornhill, Oct. 7. 1795.

1795

E. Newman

THE
INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

A POEM,

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

THE THIRD EDITION.



Domus amica, domus optima.

CICERO.

BY MR. POLWHELE,

OF POLWHELE.

TRURO:

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THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,
WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE FIRST.

BREATHES there a spirit on this ample orb
That owns affection for no favourite clime,
Such as the sordid passions ne'er absorb,
Glowing in generous hearts unchill'd by time?
Is it, ye sophists say, a venial crime:
To damp the love of home with scornful mirth?
Tho', led by scientific views sublime,
Ye range, with various search, the realms of earth,
Seeks no returning sigh the region of your birth?

Yes! there are bands by which the soul is linkt
To scene, and which attract all human kind:
Nor are the local sympathies extinct
But only dormant in the sensual mind.
Nor can the philosophic few refin'd
The home-sprung instinct from their bosoms chase:
The worldling still, tho' changeful as the wind,
And the proud sage, whose plans the world embrace,
Some lingering hope retain, some wish inspir'd
by place.

Say, whence, so cherish'd by familiar scenes,
This partial fondness? Go---the mind survey:
Mark it, where such a preference intervenes.
Behold, "the throng'd ideal hosts" display
Their never-ending series. In array
One rank arises: sudden, a new train
In quick effulgence flashes to the day:
And lo, the close confederates of the brain,
Connected as they start, confess the secret chain.

'Tis from *resemblance* we observe one thought

A thought of corresponding shape excite ;

Nor less from *contrast* are the ideas brought

Wak'd by opposing images to light :

And thus the present and the past unite.

Nor seldom, one clear image brings to view

Myriads from *contiguity*, more bright ;

While, as we gaze upon their kindling hue,

We court each airy form, and deem the vision true.

Thus, as in magic portraiture we greet

The past emerging to the mental eye ;

MEMORY retains the picture ere it fleet,

While FANCY gives it an illusive dye,

And the fond PASSIONS all their warmth supply :

Yet JUDGMENT interposes, to repress

The volatile ideas mantling high ;

Lest they should flutter in too wild a dress,

Or by their dancing shapes the dizzy brain distress.

'Tis in these *powers—affections*—that we own,

Borne on excursive pinion, pure *delight*;

Yet *more or less*, as some with stronger tone

Prevail or sink before superior might.

But to localities, to speed our flight,

Recurring, lo, we borrow instant aid

From objects that, presented to the sight,

Refresh the faint ideas as they fade,

Or call them into day from pale oblivion's shade.

Thus, with delight still keener, our career

We wing: And hence, more anxious to salute

The friendly spot, we hold its features dear.

To scenes that speak of life's pure morn, tho' mute,

The soul of sweet communion we impute;

And Fancy the divine illusion weaves.

Hence, as their sympathies our wishes suit,

With gratitude the credulous heart believes [heaves,

Pleasures long-lost restor'd, and with fond ardor

LOCAL ATTACHMENT

Such is the local love. But not alone
Is man to sympathies like these awake:
The bird and beast the same sensations own,
And from localities the impression take;
Tho' but a moment they an effort make
To recollect or image, tho' their frame
But with a transitory fervor shake:
Still, from one favorite spot, a sacred flame
Seems, with its wizard line, to circumscribe their aim

The wandering dove, amidst cold wintery skies,
Far off, remembers her accustom'd nest,
And down the gloom o'er many a long vale, flies,
Till there, with weary wing, she sinks to rest:
The dog, exulting, scours wide woods, in quest
Of his bemoaned home, with broken chain:
The warrior horse, by foreign toil oppress,
Quickens his eager pace, as, once again, [plain*
He views the old deep road that bounds his pasture-

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

Nor, as revisiting the palmy grove
That waves where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Does the sage elephant at random rove,
But winding up the gem-fraught mountain's side,
On the known valley glances looks of pride
Where he had once, fierce victor, with the blood
Of his mail'd enemy the foliage dyed :
Then o'er the feats of youth he seems to brood,
Rears his proboscis high, and greets the conscious
wood.

Meanwhile, we give not to the brutes the joys
That memory's more extensive power bestows ;
Since, chiefly as accustom'd scenes arise
To sense, each animal the emotion shews.

* The vanquished bull is represented by Virgil, as looking pensively
back on his old hereditary stall and pastures, whence he is forced to
retreat—

" Et stabula aspectans regnis excessit avitis."

GEOR. lib. iii. l. 228.

Yet ever new to man, the enjoyment flows,
As Memory her transporting vision rears!

There Fancy's fire, there generous Passion glows,
As now the fledged landscape re-appears [years.
With all its shadowy forms thro' the long lapse of

Lo, this affection grows a vigorous plant

In vulgar breasts. I hear the Grecian sigh,
Amid the slumbering shores of the Levant:

I see him lift to heaven his melting eye.

"Here, (he exclaims, with mingled grief and joy)

Within my Tenedos, the favour'd isle,

"Once lay the sable ships that conquer'd Troy!

"Behold (he utters with a conscious smile)

"The spot where chiefs were nurst, and glory
crown'd their toil."*

* Such was the exclamation of a Greek pilot to an English gentleman, Mr. Anson, at the island of Tenedos. "There (cried the pilot) 'twas our fleet lay!" "What fleet?" said Mr. Anson. "What fleet!" replied the man (a little piqued at the question) "Why, our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy!"

Yet 'tis the lot alone of souls refin'd

By taste, to feel the luxury that springs

From all the varied energies of mind :

To such, how oft a trivial object brings

The sweetly-pencil'd view, where Fancy flings

The tender colors of the autumnal sheaf ;

While, as she sports within her faery rings,

Mixing the vivid tears of joy and grief,

She clothes each pictur'd form with rays of soft relief.

Tho' o'er his master's bow, so long unstrung,

An eye of sorrow good Eumæus cast,

Tho' old Philætiús o'er the quiver hung,

Pierc'd by a quick remembrance of the past ;

Yet was it theirs to own those feelings chaste,

Those sympathies that mov'd the widow'd Fair ?

Yet was it theirs, inspir'd by kindred taste,

As on an object of their fondest care

To muse, and from delight to steal a pensive air ?

I see her slow the lofty stairs ascend!*

I see her bosom heave delicious sighs!

Now o'er the bow I see the mourner bend,

While myriads of illusions round her rise

From the sweet relic of affection's ties,

The chronicle of many a blissful hour;

That, as tears moisten her dejected eyes,

Wins back her 'vanisht days with soothing power:

So, pure in distant light, we paint the Elysian

bower.

* A moment's digression may be excused, whilst I observe, that the characters of Penelope and Ulysses as represented in the *Odyssey*, have, from my schooldays, made a deeper impression on my mind, than any other characters of historical or fabulous antiquity. There is something extremely pleasing in the portraits of simplicity and sensibility united with regal dignity, such as can only consist, indeed, with the half-civilized eras. To this simplicity and sensibility are added politeness and a knowledge of the world, not only in Ulysses, but in his mourning queen. Penelope's mode of treating her suitors discovers no slight acquaintance with men and manners: and Ulysses, *mores hominum multorum*, &c. But he studied men with very different views from those of Lord Chesterfield!

Lo, by a fine ethereal spirit led,
 Mid olive groves we trace Ilyssus' streams;*
 Or hail the solemn spot where Cato bled;
 Or, where the ruin of Iona gleams,
 Cherish, in holy trance, romantic dreams;
 Or, with a duteous tenderness, recal
 Each monument of early youth that teems
 With classic images—the school's dun wall,
 The master's desk austere, the academic hall.

* "Enamoured of the muses, we traverse the regions they frequented, explore every hill, and seek their footsteps in every valley. The groves of Mantua and the cascades of Anio," are not lovelier than other groves and cascades: yet we view them with peculiar rapture. We tread as on consecrated ground—we regard those objects with veneration which yielded ideas to the minds of Virgil and Horace: and we seem to enjoy a certain ineffable intercourse with those elegant and enlightened spirits." See the "ESSAYS ON SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC CHARACTERS," by Mr. Richardson, one of the most "elegant and enlightened spirits" of the present day. In all he writes, Mr. Richardson discovers taste and genius; in no instance disgraced by that silly affectation, which aims "at saying something new about Shakspeare."—"We are moved (says Atticus to Tully) I know not how, by the scenes in which we trace the footsteps of those whom we love and admire. For my own part, not our own Athens

Hence Tully, where Sicilian landscapes bloom,
 Own'd all the enthusiast's fervour, as he found
 Mouldering and clasp'd by briars, the sage's tomb:
 In Tully's raptur'd mind 'twas hallow'd ground.*
 Hence, on a day that mark'd each annual round,
 The muse of Silius due devotion paid
 Where the shagg'd steeps of Posilippo frown'd:
 Hence, sweet Boccaccio's vivid fancy play'd
 Embower'd with Virgil's self amid the hoary
 shade.

so delights me by its magnificent structures, as by presenting me with the images of excellent men; whilst I review the houses where they lived, the benches where they sat, the places where they disputed. And with pleasure, also, I contemplate their sepulchres. I shall ever love, therefore, (continues Atticus) the spot where thou wast born."

See Cicer. 2 de Leg. n. 4.

* "The tomb of Archimedes discovered by Cicero," is a subject worthy the attention of the poet as well as the painter.

Thus, then, to local objects that revive
Our former feelings, a delightful bond
Links us in friendly union ; as alive
To sympathy, our bosoms correspond
With walks or arbours. Thus affection fond
That, unexcited by the scene, would rest
In dull stagnation, like a mantled pond,
Now, like a clear brisk current, flows confest,
Sparkles to fancy's ray, and cherishes the breast.


THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Thus, then, the plastic mind my muse surveys
With forms by each external scene imprest;
As Memory, more or less, her power displays,
Or Fancy, brooking not a moment's rest,
Or those prime movers of the generous breast
The Passions: stealing sweets from all around,
They to our being give a keener zest;
While, as we wander on our native ground,
We call back former years at every sight and
sound.

Behold, on beasts this fondness habit graves
Deep as the chissel'd figure grav'd on stone:
And, from the rocks where pale bleak Hecla raves
To where scorcht Afric pants beneath the zone,
All feel their nerves with energetic tone
Vibrate to some congenial soil, and strung
For a peculiar air. Yet, we disown
Incredulous, the storied beasts that sprung,
Each to his kindred earth, and o'er his parent
hung.*

* Procopius relates, that Abgarus came to Rome, and gained the esteem of Augustus to such a degree, that this emperor could not resolve to let him return home—that Abgarus brought several beasts, which he had taken in hunting, alive to Augustus—that he placed, in different parts of the circus, some of the earth which belonged to the places where each of these animals had been caught—that, as soon as this was done, and they were turned loose, every one of them ran to that corner where his earth lay—and that Augustus, admiring the instinctive attachments of beasts to their own country, and struck by the evidence of its truth, granted the request which Abgarus immediately pressed upon him, and allowed, though with regret, the tetrarch to return to Edessa.

Nor less, from use, the sons of reason mark

Partial, their native skies, their infant home;

Whether those skies be one bright blue, or dark

With sullen tempest; whether the proud dome

Or shed be theirs. Still, still with sighs they roam

Far from umbrageous grove, or village green,

Nor wander thro' the wide waste's angry foam,

Without a hope once more to trace serene [a scene.

Where peace hath smooth'd her wing, the dear famili-

HERE, where, descending from the sea-worn cliffs

In his own murky robe of darkness clad,

Full oft his watery pennons Auster lifts

And wraps the extensive isle in sudden shade,

Tho' vernal brightness were effus'd, to glad

Our landscapes, from Cornubia's yawning mines

To Scotia's heaths that triumph in the plaid;

To his dim'd suns the Briton still inclines,

Nor heeds the unclouded Nile where Heaven's clear

azure shines.

Yes! he prefers his light green barley blade
To breathing maize, to fields of clustering rice;
And visits with more joy the plashy glade
Where crackles at each step the sheeted ice,
Than Memphian plains, or Persian, that entice
The soul to pleasure, far diffusing balm:
To him more dear the oak-rough precipice,
Than the deep verdure of the date-crown'd palm,
Where all is lap'd in ease, one soft insidious calm.

To him more sweet thro' ashen woods to rove,
As eddying winds the fall'n leaves round him whirl,
Than cull the blossoms of an orange-grove
Skirted by rose-tree bowers, where rivulets purl
Mid basil tufts, and odorous breezes curl
The stream besprent with many a silver lote;
Whilst on the smooth canal, light ships unfurl
Their sportive sails, and shadowy as they float, [cote.
Flutter the billing doves, and croud the neighbouring

Whilst gilded mosques fling radiance, half concealed
By tamarinds and the broad-leav'd sycamore,
And, as beneath the inwoven foliage veil'd
Airs, Eden-born, delicious incense pour
Softening the fervors of the summer-hour;
Whilst rich pomegranates bid their cooling seeds
To the parcht palate a keen sense restore,
And, round each whispering islet of cane-reeds,
Its melon's grateful pulp the tepid water feeds.

Not ivory palaces, their roofs inlaid
With massy gold, where thrones of coral glow
Starr'd with the gems of Ormuz; not the shade
Ambrosial, waving its peach-flowers that blow
Where grapes drop luscious to the turf below,
The genuine son of Albion could induce
His dairy-meads, his fallows to forego:
Not all the fruits, that bloom o'er every sluice,
Would rival in his mind, the redstreak's vermeil juice.

Nor, if to innocence a gentle smile

Beam, as the mornings of sweet Maia break;

If, with a modest blush, to mark our isle,

Mantle, to azure veins, the virgin's cheek;

Are not the charms of foreign beauty weak,

Beauty, that wantons with voluptuous air?

Say, can dark locks, can jetty ringlets sleek,

E'en tho' they glisten to the sunny glare,

Maids of retiring worth, outvie your amber hair?

Yet pleasure views, and thrills at every gaze,

Those glossy tresses their luxuriance spread

To roseate essences; the diamond-blaze

Of many a crescent on the turban'd head,

Or the pearl-lustre as by rainbows fed;

The full black eye; the panting of the breast

Thro' gauze that seems to kindle; limbs that shed

Purpureal light by silken folds carest, [vest.

And the rich zone that checks the thin transparent

See, as the rose-lipt Alme weave the dance,*
To melting airs they move, in amorous play:
Or, arch with nods and wreathed smiles, they glance
Their nimble feet to frolic measures gay;
The cymbal's notes to love new warmth convey:
The burning aloe breathes its fragrance round.
O'er all the light saloon with sparkling ray
The diamond trembles to the dancer's bound,
While with fantastic mirth the dizzy roofs resound.
Yes!—Home still charms. And he, who, clad in fur,
Drives his fleet rein-deer o'er the snowy plain,
Would rather to the same wild tracts recur
Which life had mark'd with pleasure or with pain,
Than revel where young Zephyr's musky train
Kiss the soft hyacinths of Azza's hair;
Rather, than where prolific summers reign,

* The Egyptian girls employed in dancing.

Seek his white mosses, and, with frugal care,
Bid his poor antler-friends the simple banquet share.

O'er deserts the swart Arab bends his course,
And cheers, tho' pillar'd sands obscure each star,
His camel-troop, his antelopes, his horse;
Or, tho' at noon the monster Samiel glare,
And hissing thro' the pestilential air
Clap its red wing where shrivel'd victims fell!
Yet, where he erst had pitch'd his tent, from far
With snorting rapture his companions smell
(E'en now they slake their thirst!—) the patriarchal
well.

Wrapt in the whirlwinds of dark Labrador,
Behold, the savage braves the wrath of heaven;
And laughs tho', now amidst the tempest's roar
On his ice-fragment down the current driv'n,
He meet, as from the cliffs the rocks are riv'n,

The expanse of boundless ocean. On the verge
Of fate, to him the god of storms hath giv'n
His toils thro' perils unexplor'd to urge,
And ride, where whales disport, the ridges of the
surge.

All love their native spot to friendship dear;
Whether they catch, amidst a waste of night,
The frost-gales from the mountains more severe,
And shiver to the boreal flashes bright;
Or, if the sun vouchsafe a noonday light,
Hail, from the crags, his faint reflected beams,
And o'er the loose bridge slide from height to
height,
Where pine or ebony, or benreed gleams, [streams:
To float their ponderous planks, along the gulphy

Or, whether blinded by the solar flood
The moon-ey'd Indian mid the sickly dews

That taint the breezes of his shrubby wood,
Sleep, tho' pale venom many a plant diffuse:
Or whether he who journeys o'er Peru's
Re-echoing caverns, heap his gold, to pave
The streets with ingots,* oft as he pursues
His burthen'd beast, to where the boiling wave
Once swallow'd Lima's walls, a universal grave.

E'en now where rages red Vesuvio's flame,
Scarce from the fluid rocks his offspring fly;
Tho' cities, strown around, of ancient name,
The monuments of former vengeance lie.
And we have mark'd the indissoluble tie
By which a myriad down the yawning gloom
Descended erst, as Etna fir'd the sky——

* It is mentioned by several Spanish writers, that when the viceroy, the Duke de la Palada, made his entry into Lima in 1682, the inhabitants, to do him honor, had paved the streets with ingots of silver, amounting to seventeen millions sterling.

By which a myriad that escap'd the doom,
Cling to the sulphur'd spot, and clasp their comrade's
tomb.

NO country, then, is fair to all alike;
No landscape with inherent beauty glows:
But different objects different creatures strike,
Whether Peruvian suns, or Greenland snows.
The mind alone, from habitude, bestows
On each familiar form its shadowy grace:
Thus, a sweet spring of satisfaction flows,
Or to the human or the bestial race,
From that ideal source—the charm attacht to
place.



THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE THIRD.

WHILST in each bosom glows the local fire,
Let us the sympathetic passion trace;
Whether our bliss the *present* scene inspire,
Or, *absent* from a long-frequented place,
The shadows of the past with pain we chase;
Or, *after* years of foreign toil, we hail
Our dear horizon, eager to embrace
Perchance, the comforts of the cottag'd vale,
And round the cheerful hearth to tell our travell'd
tale.

IF, where we first observ'd its kindling dawn,
We note the local sympathy display'd, [drawn,
There, to no haunt where treachery smiles, with-
Its pure delights with fancy only fade!

There, by the sunny hill or mid the shade,
Memory her portraiture still fresh reviews ;
And, as clear brooks or alders lend their aid,
Back e'en to frolic infancy pursues [ful hues.
Life's many-colour'd forms, thro' passion's change-

In *absence* only from our natal ground,
With sickly grief we languish, tho' we rank
Our sorrows high : Warm suns may beam around :
Yet is a foreign land one gloomy blank.

There, as the spectre-troops on Lethe's bank,
Flitting at memory's feeble call, enlist
The ideal hosts. There, all obscure and dank,
No clear localities the mind assist ;
But 'tis a dizzy scene, involv'd in floating mist.

Then, then, we glory in the feeling tear,
 Poor solitary tribute of regret!
Then, if a momentary pleasure cheer
 Our aching bosoms, bidding us forget
 Those objects which our earliest passion met,
We wish, more ardent, to bring back to view
 Our slighted love, and pant to pay the debt
So fondly deem'd from cold indifference due,
And think our callous hearts to gratitude untrue.

Thy sons, O Israel! by Euphrates wept,
 When they remember'd Zion's holy walls.
Their tuneless harps along the willows slept:
 For Hebrew songs the taunting victor calls.
 "Alas! while dire misfortune thus befalls
"An exil'd train far, far from Siloam's fount,
 "Say, can the heavy heart chaunt madrigals?
"Ah! days of deeper woe be ours to count,
 "If, Zion! we forget thy everlasting mount!"

Thus Daniel, as before his God he knelt,
Where Babylon's proud ensigns flash'd dismay,
A livelier spirit of devotion felt,
Opening his western window to the day
That linger'd where his natal city lay!
Thither as fond imagination flew,
He hover'd with the sun's descending ray;
And to the God of Israel nearer drew,
While rose in glorious pomp all Salem to his view.

Pining for Ithaca, Laertes' son

O'er the long billows cast his saddening eyes,
Nor listen'd by the sweet enchantress won;
Tho', "here eternal summer blooms! (she cries)
" Here verdure brightens in ambrosial skies;
" Here gentle loves on rosy pinions play!
" Come, happy mortal! seize the present joys;
" Come to my grot, where rills refresh the day,
" Tinkle to curling airs and wind their crystal way!"

Yet, his heart fluttering for his little isle,

Ulysses vainly to luxuriant bowers

Calypso lur'd. He scorn'd her harlot smile!

Nor spicy groves, nor ever-blushing flowers,

Nor grottoes, where the soft voluptuous hours

Danc'd hand in hand, nor rapture's couch had charms:

Mid glowing dalliance still his plaint he pours ;

Still, unsubdued by all that passion warms, [arms.

Sighs for his sea-beat rock, tho' clasp'd in beauty's

Far from her Ilion's plain and towers superb

That fell with feeble Priam---see the doom

Of poor Andromache. Dire woes disturb

Her bosom panting for her native loom ;

Till friendly fancy thro' the lighten'd gloom

Behold again the Scæan gate appear,

And image at her much-lov'd Hector's tomb,

Her Simois in a scanty brook, and hear [ear.*

The illusion of its waves, that sooth'd her youthful

And could the bard who told those bitter cares;
Those vagrant troubles sore, have sung so well;
Had not his own Ionia whisper'd airs
To charm his spirit, and attune his shell?
Blind o'er the world he rov'd: nor e'er the spell
Of many a changing scene and clime suppress'd
The generous love of home. But still to tell
Of other exiles, cheer'd his aged breast:
And he who feels its wound, can picture sorrow best.

And O! the pensive tints of Maro's muse,
The fine delicious shadings that display
A soul long turn'd to melancholy views.
What but his early lot, alas! to stray
From fields endear'd by many a happy day,
From his paternal acres, could inspire
Such mournful melody, so soft a lay?

How sweet, where taste and genius wake the wire,
If Pity breathe her tones, and Love, and fond Desire.

To banish'd Ovid thy diviner strain,
Thy melting musick, Elegy! we owe;
As kind Melpomene reliev'd his pain,
And lighting up his clouded eye of woe,
Spread o'er his former years a vivid glow:
Yet, many a lagging hour, 'twas his to mourn.
" Ah, my poor book! (he cries) thou, thou wilt go
" Without thy master, to the city borne,
" Unconscious of thy fate while here I weep for-
lorn!"

Beneath the storms that shake the dreary pole,
Ah! see his whitening temples! See him sink
A prey to agony that rends his soul!
Lo, burst each social, each endearing link,
With palsied frame he totters on the brink

Of fate! Yet, midst the Pontic horrors pale,
Tho' "o'er the bitterness of death he think,"
Yet on the distant wave a glimmering sail
He kens with kindling hope till dusky twilight fail.

Precipitous and wild, Helvetia holds
By ligaments more strong, the simple breast :*
His arms the languid Swiss, in absence, folds,
And longs for his rude mountain's snowy crest.
Tho' many a lulling stream solicit rest,
And tepid breezes fan the fair alcoves,
Where seems to expand the region of the blest,
Reluctant from his pinewood gloom he roves
Thro' soft savannahs warm, thro' gay-green whispering groves.

* The more sterile the soil—the more we have suffered or laboured in a country, the more are we attached to it. —The profusion of a too fertile soil destroys, by enriching us, the simplicity of the natural ties arising from our wants. —

Touch'd not by beauties that around him rise,
He sends his spirit to the rocky hill;
And, now escap'd from all that lur'd his eyes,
There singles out his cataract, his rill,
The sidelong fallow he was wont to till,
His crag-percht hut to all his wishes dear!
How vain, alas! his throbbing heart to still;
When forms far off, to Fancy's eye so near,
Now float within his grasp, now fainting disappear!

E'en where the blasts of war the forests shake, [stand;
Tho' leagu'd with conquering troops he firmly
If some soft note his early dreams awake,
Some note that echoes back his native land;
Strait, falls the sabre from his nerveless hand!
And, woe-begone till moment meet he find
To steal unheeded from the foreign band,
He flies; and, as he hears in every wind
A murmur, casts full oft "a fearful look behind."

And see in durance the fast-fading boy;
Mid Wykeham's walls his dulcet sorrows leave;
Fled his fair pictures of domestic joy;
Ah frowns too chilling, that his soul bereave
Of all that frolic fancy long'd to weave
In his paternal woods! His hands he wrings
In anguish! Yet some balm his sorrows leave
To soothe his fainting spirit as he sings,
And suits to every sigh the sweetly-warbling strings.

O he had notch'd, unweeting of distress,
The hours of school-boy toil! Nor irksome flew.
The moments---for each morn, his score was less!
Visions of vacant home yet brighter grew;
When lo! stern fate obscur'd the blissful view!
Droops his sick heart. And "ah, dear fields (he cries)
"Ye bloom no more! Dear native fields, adieu!"
'Home, charming home,' still plaintive echo sighs:
And to his parting breath the dulcet murmur dies.*

Meanwhile, *returning* to our hearths we range
 Thro' all the prospect with an eager eye;
 And now, perhaps, with faltering steps some change
 Discern, to check the rushing tide of joy—
 Haply, no more the mossy mound descry,
 Or down the lane the rattling kayles, where wild
 We urg'd our sport, or seat of turf hard by,
 Or sister elms where swung the heedless child;
 Yet hover o'er the scene, by memory long beguil'd.

* The old Wykehamical song, to which this passage alludes, begins thus:

"Concinamus, O sodales!

Eja! quid silemus?

Nobile canticum

Dulce melos domum,

Dulce domum resonemus.

For the remaining verses, and a pleasing paraphrastic version of the song, &c. See *Gent. Magazine*, vol. lxi. p. 208, 209, 210. "The dulce domum, is said to have been written about 200 years since, by a Winchester scholar, detained at the usual time of breaking up, and chained to a tree or pillar for his offence to the master, when the other scholars

If, from neglect hath come this alter'd hue,
We cling with pity to a friend's decay,
And, with fond hearts to former feelings true,
Slope round the ruin pale our pensive way.
And not a tangled thorn but seems to say:
"Fair once I was, and fair again shall be!"
"Yes! I will give thee to the morning ray!"
(The master cries) "and, thou sweet murmurer! free,
"Shalt to thy pebbly bed reclaim coy Peace and
me!"

had liberty to visit their respective homes while the breaking-up lasted. This confined scholar was so affected with grief, by being thus detained from seeing his dear home that he was moved to compose the *DULCE DOMUM*, and died broken-hearted before his companions returned. In memory of this unhappy incident the scholars of Winchester college, attended by the master, chaplains, organist and choristers, have an annual procession; walking three times round the pillar or tree to which their fellow-collegian was chained, and singing all the time." The air of the *dulce domum* was composed by John Reading, in the reign of Charles the Second.

But, if the hand of innovating art

Would fain the features of our home efface—

Perchance, some village—where around us start

Affected novelties at every pace,

And fashion hath destroy'd each simple grace;

Ah, what a sad revulsion! how severe!

We wander, strangers in our native place,

For welcome looks encounter scowls austere;

And a chill torpor creeps to freeze the gushing tear.

Thus, after years of absence, did I meet

The friend of early youth. 'Twas his to share

My every bosom-sentiment! And, sweet

The unsullied hour; and light was every care!

Oh! ere I trembled at the vacant stare,

The cold strange glance, *had* my full heart betray'd

Too quick emotions!—Midst the gaudy glare*

* "Not always (says the sensible author of "Literary Leisure") does prosperity harden the human heart." This I much doubt.

See "Literary Leisure," II. 25. Edit. 1802.

Of riches, can *he* recollect the shade
Where men we cordial walk'd, where boys we bound-
ing play'd?

Alas! how soon extinct the generous flame
Of friendship dies. From treachery wan and cold
In home we seek the asylum. If the same
Its well known haunts we once again behold;
What pleasure does so pure a home unfold!
How every object we in absence mourn'd
Claims sweet alliance by the muse untold;
And e'en the little hedgerow that we scorn'd
Glow in a mellow light, by some new charm adorn'd.

Lo, as he hails his own congenial soil,
What joys the way-worn traveller's bosom fill,
When, after many a danger, many a toil,
He seeks the covert of his native hill!
Sudden he feels a dear delicious thrill

At the first gleaming of his distant trees ;
And hastens to the clump that shades the mill ;
And deems it an illusion, as he sees [breeze.
His oak from childhood lov'd, yet waving to the

With quivering hand he opes his dusky door,
Eyes, in his pannell'd hall, each welcome chair ;
Pensive surveys the windows o'er and o'er,
That all his waken'd feelings seem to share !
(Sweet recompense for years of pain and care !)
And many a silent tear 'tis his to shed,
As, tremulous for joy his steps repair
To his old chamber, where his weary head
May press secure at last, his own accustom'd bed.

Thus pleasant to his fond poetic soul
Catullus saw once more the lucid tide*

* It has been more than once observed, that this attachment to inanimate objects, discovering itself in a sort of silent converse with an old

Around the green banks of his Sirmio roll,
And hail'd his tranquil home now dim-described;
Happy at length, his labors laid aside,
Amidst his oliv'd island to repose!
"Here, on my own old couch (the Roman cried)
"Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes;
"Here, in oblivious sleep, my heavy eyelids close."

Such were the ideas which electric ran [bright *
Thro' Xenophon's faint troops, when opening
A prospect of the sea surpris'd the van
Now gaining the Carduchan mountains height:
"The sea! the sea!"* they shouted with delight,

accustomed chair for instance, or bed, or any other piece of furniture to which we have been long used, is characteristically British. But the "Sirmio" of Catullus seems to prove, that the old Romans had hearts to feel the same domestic sympathies.

* Just as the army of the Greeks, under the conduct of Xenophon, harass'd by innumerable fatigues and difficulties and dangers, had gained the summit of the Carduchan mountains, the sea burst upon their view,

As trembled quick in every eye the tear!

Each o'er the billows strain'd his aching sight,
And, as the "sea" re-echoed from the rear,
Already seem'd to grasp the home his soul held dear.

SO fervent for our homes, in life, in death,

We bid the sympathies of nature swell;
There happy to resign our vital breath

Where in fond youth we own'd the trancing spell.

The local passion yet should scorn repel,
Should frigid interest quench this homeborn love;

No more attracted by the silent dell,
The clear fount bubbling, or the sheltering grove,
Would not, too wildly wing'd, the restless spirit
rove

and in an instant presented to their fancy all the delightful images which are associated with home. "Θαλαττα! Θαλαττα!"—involuntarily broke from their lips—and the sound was in a moment echoed from the van to the rear, where it reached the ears of Xenophon.

Go, sons of Albion! smother the pure flame
That all your fathers had so fondly fed;
Then tell me, are your social ties the same?
Say, Britons! whither is the illusion fled?
Go, seek, by subtle penetration led,
Some genial spot by balmier nature blest!
Go, where the laws a milder influence shed!
But of its instinct first the soul divest,
As local sighs no more disturb the impartial breast.

Yes, British youths! the love of home inspires
Generous affections! Is not the retreat
Where burn the filial, the parental fires,
Full oft the nursery of the good and great;
Where friendship kindles an heroic heat,
And linkt amid the hospitable hall,
Bosoms with *patriotic ardor* beat;
Whence *genius* bursts effulgent over all;
And *sacred wisdom* soars above this earthly ball?

O say, ye scowling cynics who deride
All tenderness of feeling, and austere
Fling the cold glances of repulsive pride
On those to whom domestic scenes are dear;
Say, when in quick emotion starts the tear
To patriot Virtue, does it vainly flow?
Does not the statesman check the dread career
Of hostile squadrons, and with valorous glow
Shielding his menac'd land, avert the fateful blow?

Does he not bid wide forests wave around,
And o'er the vales autumnal fruitage bloom?
Does he not bid the harmonious anvil sound,
And speed the fervid labors of the loom,
Where silence hover'd o'er a waste of gloom?
Say, tho' the vengeance of his hand hath hurl'd
The shaft of death, to seal the invader's doom,
Are not his sails in distant climes unfurl'd [world?
His country to enrich, yet bless the enlighten'd

And, if in patriot worth this home-fed flame
Expanding, such unvalued good impart ;
Say, does not Genius with a nobler aim
Exalt the prime affections of the heart,
When local scenery gives the poet's art
To steep in precious tears the immortal page?
Have we not seen the living radiance dart
From glory's wreath, distinguishing the sage,
Circle his hoary brows, and beam from age to age?

Yet, far beyond the little tract of time
Shall not divine Philosophy aspire,
And, mounting to the empyreal arch sublime,
In all the attractions of the local fire
The o'er-ruling hand miraculous admire ;
See, in these simple ties a hallow'd chain [Sire,
Link home with heaven; and praise the gracious
Whilst no factitious bonds her flight detain
Where peace for evermore excludes all earthly pain?

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,

WITH RESPECT TO HOME,

BOOK THE FOURTH.

WHILE now the mind, in one wide view display'd,
(Tho' trac'd with rapid strokes the sketch be slight) .
Where fair localities its action aid,
From memory, fancy, passion, draws delight;
Lo, as its powers——affections thus unite,
Some, with a genuine ardor unrepres't,
The sweet emotion more intense excite:
'Tis theirs to pierce with keener thrills the breast,
Till others coldly rise, and vaunt the imperious
crest.

See Fancy and the tenderer passions move
With feelings far more exquisite the soul.
Full oft hath Fancy rais'd the blooming grove
On the black waste, or high where sea-waves roll,
Soft o'er the surge with fine illusion stole,
And in smooth azure cloath'd the untroubled scene:
Then doubt not, that she spreads (while no controul,
While no rude checks from reason intervene)
E'en on the humblest home a pleasing light serene.

'Tis in the gentler passions to inspire
The wold where solitude far brooding frown'd,
With social spirit, with congenial fire.
Lo, the dank mead by wintry gloom embrown'd,
Pity relieves, and Love attires the ground
With flowers: Lo, Sorrow, melting in a tear,
Breathes her own sympathy the rocks around:
Then doubt not, that the soft affections here
Can many a day o'erpast to memory's eye endear.

Meantime, where reason boasts its influence cold,

Imagination falters, too confin'd;

And, where the less ingenuous passions hold

Dominion o'er the mercenary mind,

No more we welcome with complacence kind

The mirror that reflects our fleeting hours:

Then wonder not, that memory disinclin'd

To mimic sunshine while the thunder lours,

Nor strays thro' wood-walks dim, nor talks with
whispering bowers.

Lo, at peculiar seasons fancy reigns

With gentler passion: Then, without allay,

Lives all our fondness amid local scenes:

But when relax'd she rules with feeble sway,

Behold the home-born sympathies decay:

Thus, whether we observe *youth's* roseate bloom,

The *brow care-furrow'd*, or the *temples grey*,

Or *prosperous fortune*, or a *harsher doom*, [sume.

We see them rise or sink, or their first warmth re-

IF the muse glance on many-featur'd life, [cares*

She marks the spot where *youth* first meets the

Which, in a restless world, alas! too rife,

(So cruel fate ordains) each being shares.

'Tis at that point the vivid fancy wears

To the fond eye a more enchanting smile!

'Tis at that point impetuous passion bears

The enthusiast far from trouble and from guile,

Spurning the venal path where mole-ey'd mortals
toil!

* "The feelings of young people are not only lively, and quick, but have much more of pleasure than of pain in them: and they are pleasurable sensations chiefly that rest upon the mind, however deep or pathetic the representation might have been."—"In Julia de Roubigne, the remembrance of Belville (the old family seat) affects Julia with sensations very different from those of her father. "I felt (says Julia) the full force of the description; but to me it was not painful." It is not on hearts that yield the soonest, that sorrow has the most powerful effects: it was but giving way to a shower of tears, and I could think of Belville with pleasure, even in the possession of another. They may cut its trees, mar and alter its walks; but cannot so deface it as to leave no traces for the memory of your Julia."—See "Sketches in Verse," pp. 142, 143.

Then, but half-conscious of a fear, we grasp
Each hope that flutters round the unpractis'd heart;
Then, feeling a slight sting from care, the wasp
We scorn, nor own the transitory smart.
Yet, with spontaneous retrospect, we dart
To the sweet dawn of life a longing look ;
And woo where memory marks her faithful chart,
The primros'd hedge, green lane, or cressed brook,
The o'ershadow'd stile, or ash that rocks the cawing
rook.

Then, whether the returning forms of years
Imprest with pain or pleasure we behold ;
The local mirror to our eye appears
Burnisht with rays from fancy's orb of gold.
And then, realities arise, too cold
For meditation ; while in all the past
We see the story of the future told ;
And lo, already hath the heart embrac'd
The illusive train of hopes that reason vainly chas'd !

Lo, thro' the veil of time, the traits of grief
 Soften'd by such a tender tint arise,
That we prefer the sorrow in relief
 To all the unruffled view of vanisht joys.
Yes! if the scene where tears had fill'd our eyes
Present the mellow'd lineaments of woe,
 With deeper interest such a scene we prize;
While, many a placid feeling to bestow,
Here with peculiar grace the gentler passions glow.

Absorb'd by Desdemona's rueful fate,
 By poor Monimia's, have I seen the young.
In all the stillness of suspense they sat!
 And, as their nerves to agony were strung,
 Their breasts what exquisite sensations wrung!
Yet, when the tale so full of fear was o'er,
 They fondly to the dear deception clung,
And wish'd each fine emotion to restore, [no more.
Whilst others own'd the cheat by dreams deceiv'd

Yes! 'tis for those untutor'd by the world

To view such pictures with a transient pain ;

And, tho' o'er frenzy's wild a moment hurl'd,

Yet feel no dizzy fever of the brain.

Perhaps they bid a tear their cheeks distain :

And then, as drops the curtain o'er the past,

They wander, in a trance of grief, again,

Each soft impression mellowed than the last,

Till Pity on the soul her pensive shadow cast.

So when the summer eve, with crimson breds

Lilac and gold, by faery fingers meint,

Tinctures her horizontal cloud ; recedes

In soft gradation, every vivid teint ;


Till milder glories, paler blushes paint

Its melting form, where set the solar ball—

Till, as the colors in deep azure faint,

In clear serenity the shadows fall,

And melancholy reigns, and wraps in silence all.



Far other beams from fancy's lamp illumine
 Those who the furrows of experience wear.
Dull is the light that moves the lurid gloom
 Of spirits long inur'd to many a care.
And, as the cold pursuits of lucre share
The bosom of the worldling, what avails
 A ray from kind affection glimmering there?
Alas! when memory lives, yet fancy fails,
Vain are familiar groves and sympathising dales.

Far-gone in life, the pleasures of their prime
 The busy scarce with rapid glance review;
But turn with quick aversion from the time
 O'ercast by melancholy's sombre hue,
Or on the picture brood with minds that rue
Misfortune frowning too distinct and clear;
 And (while the shade of sorrow to renew
Pale memory labours, to herself severe) [year.
Cloud with the gathering gloom full many a future

Poetic woes, resembling truth, too deep,

Say, is it theirs, care-visag'd, to support?

They tremble in suspense: they cannot weep;

Nor, as the venom'd bowl and dagger court

Despair's wild gaze, to fancy's power resort,

For respite to the pain that racks the breast.

They own, alas! no keen sensation short,

A moment by the tragic tale distrest,

But feel repeated pangs which rob the soul of rest.

But when old age approaches, silver-grey,

Then with a wond'rous quickness thro' the maze

Of incidents long-past, we bend our way,

And round us with a sweet emotion gaze;

And, as from time no touches could erase

The impression of our youth but mellowed grown,

Survey, perhaps, a tree thro' fancy's haze,

An arbor-bench, that, like ourselves, hath known

Alas! the pitiless storm, by sympathy our own.

Soothing to venerable Ossian's soul

Youth's airy vision could the sigh awake.

The forms reflected on his memory stole,

Like moonbeams fading from a distant lake ;

Or, like the mist that morn's mild splendors streak,

Glistening between the hills in long array—

And see, far off, the vapoury volume break—

With silent stealth its colors glide away!

'Twas thus to Ossian's soul appear'd his opening day.

Lo, at that hour when pleasure's dulcet voice

No more shall languish on the deaf'ned ear,

Nor the dim'd eye her glittering lures rejoice,

Nor luxury tempt the taste with genial cheer,—

When all the charms of power shall disappear,

We bid the past delightful aid afford;

And, musing on some scene to childhood dear,

Feel for a moment to the silver chord,

And to the golden bowl their energies restor'd!

The hoar Barzillai, tho' his sovereign's grace
Would add new lustre to the chief's degree,
Yet, panting for his own paternal place,
Stole from the burst of royal minstrelsy,
The blaze of courtly pomp and festal glee:
To his own walls yet anxious to return,
If Heaven would still sustain the feeble knee,
Behold, he long'd to bless his native bourne,
Resembling, as he drop'd, the full ripe sheaf of corn.

Meantime, the local flame *with varying fate*,
Or sinks or brightens. 'Tis not in the pride
Of selfish affluence, or of ermin'd state,
When every gentler feeling we deride
And check the tear to misery's self denied,
That, fancy-led, we woo the secret power
Of glens or fountains to the heart allied;
That, from each eye retir'd, we court the bower,
Tho' memory would present no unattractive hour,

Ah ! we are conscious of the attachment most,
Not when we give the vacant heart to joy ;
But when, perhaps, some dear relation lost
We mourn, as all our earthly pleasures cloy :
'Tis then, our fairest prospect to destroy,
We see a brood of woes around us gloom ;
And, as an infant grasps the gilded toy,
Cling to the scene that, clad in vernal bloom,
Calls back the former years, to veil our future doom.

If Virtue, then, the local love befriend,
'Tis yours to re-assert, ye busy train
Who to the world alone your wishes bend---
Yours, to renew, ye arrogant and vain
Whose ears are sooth'd by adulation's strain,
The fervor that in youth so finely glows :
So shall your native spots without a stain
In the pure light of early life repose, [close.
Till the last solemn hour each fainting view fore-

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,
WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE FIFTH.


My muse unveiling the delightful *source*,
The *power* of friendship for some spot of earth;
Of such a sympathy observe the force,
Far other *midst the soil that marks our birth*,
Than where, *in aftertime*, we rear the hearth,
Tho' the fair dwelling rich Devonian warm :
Yet, if or Darien's straits or Tay's wild firth
That foster'd early life, attract the swarm
Of fluttering hopes, be ours to paint this mightier
charm.

FIRST, airy fancy, (ever prone to sport
At distance) from the present moment flies,
Bids memory to remoter time resort,
And clothes it with her own illusive dyes.
Nor vainly doth she spread the soft disguise
(Where watchful reason would detect the cheat)
O'er recent incidents that clearly rise:
But, when the ideal forms far off retreat,
She weaves the magic spell and triumphs in deceit.

Lo, as three distances the landscape crown
With their peculiar hues; the foreground bears
Beneath the eye its vivid green or brown,
The second its more sober olive wears;
But the third distance its faint azure rears,
Or paler purple stealing from the gaze.
Here every object too distinct appears:
Yet, there, amidst the dim ærial haze
Fancy may freely range, and her own phantoms raise.

'Tis thus in time: and o'er the varied past
If, fluttering, her excursive pinions play,
The middle distance she deserts in haste,
And roves where many an image melts away.
Lo, then, our infancy's unfolding day
We rather prize than periods less remote,
And in the softest perspective survey;
Bidding imaginary pleasures float
Around our earlier home, or hall, or lowly cote.

Yet are there charms that truth herself approves
In the first happy home, which gives us back
Beneath the covert of o'erarching groves,
Life's lovely prime---how sweet the vernal track!
For rosy-featur'd health, that mourns no lack
Of balmy sleep, was wont to wander there;
And innocence, that never knew the rack
Of conscience, thither would in smiles repair,
With mounting spirits light and vacancy from care;



And the dear forms of vanisht joy, that charm'd
Amidst our frolic sports the exulting heart;
And many an ardent friendship unalarm'd
By cold neglect, or fear of treacherous art;
And confidence whose looks the soul impart;
And elevated hope alert and gay;
While, as at every step new objects start
More brilliant than the blush of orient May,
The little stranger laughs and trips his faery way,—

Musing on such a home, we oft recall
Our childish sports—pursue the circle's flight,
The marble shoot, or strike the flying ball,
Or with young transport rear the buoyant kite;
Or by a tale of some wild prank excite
To mirth the votaries of the drowsy god,
Painting the goblin dire, that one still night
Up the long staircase with strange clattering trod,
When fled, amidst the alarm, grimalkin walnut-shod!

Pondering on such a home, our schoolboy friends
With expectations flusht anew, we meet;
Where, as the wood its ancient umbrage lends,
Perhaps, our fellow-truants fond to greet,
We seem to run, once more, with nimble feet,
Climb the broad beech, and rob the stock-dove's
nest!—

But ah! (for bitter mingles still with sweet!)
We shrink amid the closer boughs, distrest
By threats below, that quick our tingling ears arrest.—

Yet, doth the child's distress to pity speak?
Say, doth compassion deem his lot severe,
As the drop trickles down the schoolboy's cheek?
'Tis but a transient drop—a moment's tear—
But a soft April moisture glistening here,
Where cold reflexion never casts a shade!
By hope amus'd, he lives without a fear
Of ills, that may his future peace invade, [ray'd.
And views the coming hours with sky-born tints ar-

In such domestic shades embosom'd deep,
If sickness fire the rapid pulse, and pale
Prey on the sunken cheek, and banish sleep;
We catch the spirit of the ambrosial gale,
Where, bath'd amid the blisses of the dale,
Young blooming health her frolic offspring led!
Or, if a pang the conscious heart assail,
There, fluttering peace reclaims her vision fled,
And anguish traces tears, "forgot as soon as shed."

There, if the friend that, round our bosom twin'd
Of heaven's unvalued gifts we held most dear,
Who, seeming of the same ingenuous mind,
Had shar'd our confidence full many a year—
If such a friend should yet prove insincere;
Quick to a pure asylum we retreat,
And from the haunts of childish converse hear
Echoes of joy, and woee the rustic seat, [beat.
Green banks, or cowslip meads, where hearts in union

Thus, with a fond recurrence to the past,
We feel the "soul upon itself return;"
And, as with keen regret the untimely blast
Of blossoms opening once so fair we mourn,
The saws of moralizing science spurn,
But give the local passion all its scope;
And, anxious every sorrow to inurn,
Mid yews antique or up the shrubby slope
Pursue, where first we met, the fair deceiver hope!

Yes! from our cares escap'd, with hoar arcade,
Or huge oak hollow'd by time's cankering tooth,
We hold sweet converse, and trace out the shade
Where blithe to pleasure, ere suspecting ruth,
We smil'd, or caught the sacred words of truth
As on a parent's lips we fondly hung;
And note the trifles that amus'd our youth;
And proudly pace the historic hall, that rung
To social mirth when deeds of hardihood were sung.

Thus he, who whilom raz'd (not fashion-proof)

The gallery of his fathers, yet full soon

Prop'd, in idea, the dim-pillar'd roof

He lov'd; and, heedless of his proud saloon,

Still saw in fancy to the wandering moon

The dark-stol'd portraits their long shadows bend;

And priz'd those feelings, as no vulgar boon,

Which to a crumbling column us'd to lend

The social air that speaks an old familiar friend.

And, nestled in their natal groves serene,

Have purpled princes own'd a secret charm

Which all the splendor of the imperial scene

Would idly boast. With youthful ardor warm,

Vespasian triumph'd in his Sabine farm,

Nor chang'd, as fashion urg'd, its veteran hue:

Nor could thy power, austerer wisdom! arm

With ice his feeling breast to nature true, [drew.

Doating on those kind traits which from a child he

And Scotia's lovely queen, dissolv'd in tears,

Mus'd, a fond mourner, o'er receding France:

'Twas the sweet nursery of her infant years,

The gay, the courtly region of romance!

"Farewell (she cried) ye landscapes that entrance

"My careless bosom—farewell, happy shore!

"What tho' to mount a throne be mine, perchance

"My days of bright serenity are o'er! [more."

"Ah! happy land, farewell! to meet these eyes no

Not thus *he* feels, who in his *afterhome*,

Whether his residence by choice or fate,

Bids memory amid local objects roam

To mark a period of posterior date:

Tho' here, his garden-grove, or lawn relate

The varied story of no vapid sort;

Yet, not so highly doth affection rate

A retrospect for fancy's eye too short, [port.

Where with the glowing heart pale cares but ill com-

Here Amoret, all in virgin beauty bright,
Resign'd her blooming honors to his arms;
Here first, perhaps, his children saw the light,
And chas'd his troubles by their simple charms.
Yet lo! solicitudes, in busier swarms
Buzz round, and gather o'er his darkening seat;
And fear with thoughts of fate his soul alarms;
When sick'ned fancy flies far off, to meet
A more congenial home, a less disturb'd retreat.

Lo, St. John, in the pride of wisdom clad,
Laughs at the local love, an empty name;
Scorns the craz'd wretch who woos his kindred shade,
And deems to lucid sense each place the same.
Yet, tho' he smother up the instinctive flame,
So, "nobly pensive" in "the Egerian grot,"
Or to his poet's tickled ear declaim;
Could affectation soothe his sterner lot, spot?
When heaven from every wish remov'd his natal

No! tho' a "St. John's philosophic breast"

Might leave, amid a crowd of "meaner things,"

This fond desire on vulgar hearts imprest,

To weak Vespasian, or such whining kings;

Yet did it smart from exile's secret stings,

And (late in life attracted by each trace

That to a long-lov'd scene remembrance brings,)

Flew with impatience to his native place, [race!

There pleas'd to reach the goal, and close the fainting

SINCE, then, the home that own'd our earlier life

Accords with spotless innocence and peace;

Let us, retreating from a world of strife,

Amid the silent pause, the soul release

From sore anxieties that oft increase

With growing years by wealth or power beguil'd,

And, as a moment all our troubles cease,

Copy, in those pure haunts where pleasure smil'd,

A type of future bliss, the features of the child.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Tho' closely with the chords of life entwin'd
The affection for our homes we all possess;
And trace it to the sympathising mind;
Yet doth the *scene*, attractive more or less,
Forms faint or vivid on the heart impress:
Nor doth a *home*, amid *the busy town*,
With images so sweet our bosoms bless,
As in *the still retreat* that woods embrown,
Or where in *ancient halls* our whisker'd fathers
frown.

THE local love, to tender musings prone,
 Melts o'er the spot in melancholy mood;
And, only tasting luxury when alone,
 Would from its quiet haunts the world exclude.
There, buried in the sacred solitude,
It woos or sylvan dales, or meads of gold;
 And, as no dull realities intrude,
A long-protracted converse loves to hold [fold.
Perhaps with air-bright forms that sparry caves un-

If then, from care and dissipation's race
 The spot where op'd thine infant eyes, be free;
If it be thine the dawn of life to trace
 Amid the dingle dark, the russet lea,
 Familiar to the pensive muse and thee;
If, in secluded groves, from youth thine own,
 Whether they shade the Tamar, Trent, or Dee,
Thou catch reflected rays where pleasure shone;
Thou hast a store of bliss to citted throngs unknown.

'Tis not the native of the crouded mart,
Where streamy pendants tinge the flashing tide,
Who with a secret triumph of the heart
Enjoys the scene that thousands share beside:
No—'tis the man whose youth was wont to hide
Mid firs that crest the mountain, or invoke
The plane that spreads its solitary pride,
Or hail, superior to the mighty stroke
Of many a wintry storm, his own coeval oak.

There, as life's orient beams around us burst,
There, none but parents lent the endearing aid:
There none but faithful dames our childhood nurst:
There none but brothers or but sisters play'd.
There haply, wedded to the fostering shade,
We from our earliest day have only seen
The tenants of the mill beside the glade,
And some few huts, perchance, along the green
Where, round the tower, tall elms yet weave their
darkening screen.

If to a hamlet the lone cottage rise,

Or hamlet to a little town increase;

Still, whilst together linkt by mutual ties

And by intruders undisturb'd our peace,

We value every sight and sound, nor cease

To prize the echoing anvil, sainted well,

The birch-arm'd dame, the pool of cackling geese,

The shop, where tales of frailty gossips tell, [bell.

The dial o'er church-porch, the clock, the tolling

But if with rapid stride along the vale

The unfeeling stranger raise up dome on dome;

In such extent the ties of union fail,

And fancy grasps at evanescent home!

Ah! not as erst amid the quiet combe

Can brother hearts the same affection boast!

Beneath her Aventine, lo infant Rome

Saw her small band repel the invading host, [lost!

But midst her boundless realms bewail'd their spirit

Within how small a space the affections clos'd.

We fence around; and feel, as more compress
Our hearts, to rude assailants less expos'd!

With little room for wounds, secure we rest.

So, the poor cabin-boy shrank, sore distress,
From ruffian hands with many a bitter cry—

Hands stretcht to tear him from his floating nest!
Born on a billow-beaten plank, (his tie
To life alone) 'twas there, he only ask'd, to die!

Safe from intrusion in his mossy shed

The Cambrian ends his days as he begun.
Wall'd round by chasmy rocks whence, overhead,
The he-goat hangs amidst the coppice dun
With white beard floating far, and kidlings run
Along the precipice with heedless range,

His roof scarce brightens to the noonday sun:
Nor, to his hollow fasten'd, would he change
The little glimmering dell for all the golden grange.

Still, if sequester'd in the shade, our place,

Escape not only the too prying ken,

But long was deem'd appropriate to our race;

To the hoar cottage in the poplar fen

We steal with rapture from the walks of men,

Attacht more closely to the sacred haunt;

Or hail the mansion that o'erlooks the glen

Where timid clowns our spectred fathers daunt,

And with a deeper awe revere its aged front!

Yes! tho' the local love be unrefin'd

In vulgar bosoms, yet a flame unchill'd

Cheers the lone woodman, and informs the hind.

And oft with pleasure hath the rustic thrill'd,

As the same acres that his grandsire till'd

He furrow'd, whistling to the obedient plough;

Or, where his trees the favouring season fill'd,

Bless'd with the accustom'd rites the teeming bough,

Or shap'd, to crown the year, to its old form the mow.

There, where Devonian boasts her greener hills

And cliffs that redden o'er the surgy swell,

And vallies water'd by a thousand rills

While wainly flames pale Sirius, could I tell

The homely blessings that endear the dell:

Of such, a simple peasant own'd a store!

His age, his gestures, I remember well;

His pipe, his placid features bending o'er

The crackling ashen blaze, and full of abbey-lore.

Lo! he could trace on Buckfast's sacred ground,

While his low chimney from an ivied nook

Curl'd its grey cloud, the abbey's hoary bound,

And point where once, ere fate the chapel shook,

Each father op'd the brass-embossed book,

Or note the cellar's space—to shew how vain

All monkish joys; where now the passing crook

Fills with wide branches the wet shadow'd lane [fane.

And rough gambadoed squires the genial spot pro-

Oft from this ruin, thro' the narrow dale,

He hears the struggling boughs to Eurus crash,

Where, o'er the tuftings of the low sweet-gale,

From broken crags above, the light-leav'd ash

Streams pendulous, and torrents, as they wash
Its whitening roots, foam round with fretful search,

Or sparkles from the deep-bas'd granite dash;

Whilst the pale purple of the aspiring birch,

Skirting the distant view, half-hides the duskier
church.

Happy old man! tho' stranger to the town.

Whence, duly solemn, the slow curfew toll'd;

Yet, from his shelter'd combe and upland down,

He wisely read the seasons as they roll'd;

Whether his hazel-hedges would unfold

The first sweet promise of the purple year,

Or his green summer meads were sprent with gold;

Or autumn choak'd with elmy foliage sear [stere.

His brook, or drop'd the eaves to winter's breath au-

Nor idly on his cot the sunbeams fall
 Within the circle of each little day;
 While thro' the lattice chequering his white wall,
 He sees the hours in dancing radiance play;
 And by the mom's first tremulous lustre grey
 Rouses the enring ploughboy to his task;
 And loves, as deep shade marks the noontide ray,
 With legendary looks that audience ask,
 Amidst the balmy light, on his oak bench to bask.

Here, as his thin locks glitter to the sun,
 See, just escap'd the hollies of his fence,
 A rill beside his feet o'er pebbles run,
 To soothe with gurgling sound the drowsy sense,
 And coolness to the fervid air dispense,
 Where gleam beneath the casement his trim hives:
 Nor need the humming labourers wander hence,
 To waste on distant flowers their little lives;
 Here spreads pale rosemary, and there the thyme-
 bank thrives.

Oft would he cry: "That walnut waving wild,
" My grandsire planted by the torrent's foam:
" I grasp'd its feeble stem when yet a child:
" It quiver'd, as he heap'd the glowing leam.
" E'en from my grandsire's days, averse to roam,
" Here have I turn'd, each year, yon sloping ground;
" And met the jocund hinds at harvest-home;
" And bade on the heap'd floor the flail rebound,
" And press'd my orchard fruit—how rich the
reeking pound!"

Tho' now he droop with age, his friendly staff
Aids him to climb yon hillock, and inhale
The breeze of health, and fresh-returning, quaff
Still whole at heart, his cup of nut-brown ale
High-froth'd, and on a sallad still regale;
When, as his children's children round him lisp,
Their fancies he delights with many a tale
Of Mab the faery, or of Will-o-wisp,
Or fills their liquorish mouths with racy pippins crisp.

Meantime, in many a tutor'd bosom lives,

The local flame, to generous nature true;

And oft to those who boast their lineage, gives

A knightly color, a romantic hue;

When yet, where first the breath of life they drew

Manerial lords in scutcheon'd state reside,

And, as a tribute to their fathers due,

Maintain, with old hereditary pride,

The ceremonial pomp that fashion's sons desire.

Behold, where colouring the grey skirts of night,

The orient blush on shaggy Cromla glows,

Till, east away, the blue waves roll in light,

And, melting to the sun, the mists disclose

Each verdant oak that cloaths the hill of roes;

The highland chieftain hails the merry morn:

And up the branchy woods as blithe he goes,

Thro' paths wide-opening, by his fathers worn,

To its old echo winds the long-transmitted horn.

Of he pursues the wild deer's rapid bound,
And fearless plunges in the mountain stream,
His grey dogs to his bowstring panting round;
Or scales the summits of the cliffs that gleam
O'er the green isles, and greets the sea-fowl's scream;
Or pours his nectar, mid the feast of shells,
Weaving of other days the entrancing dream;
While, as the wonders of the chace he tells [swells.
To each high-bosom'd maid, his heart with triumph

What tho' in wrath the forked lightnings break
On the blank horrors of the midnight waste;
Tho' from the chambers of the thunder shriek
The gloomy spirit; what tho' pale hath pass'd
(In fearful stillness as the howling blast
Paus'd sudden) the prophetic pomp of death;
And to the wan cold moon that, half-o'ercast,
Emerg'd a heap of billowy clouds beneath, [heath?
Trembled in shadowy glare, then vanish'd from the

What tho', where once the helmed battle rang;
Melodious bards shall hymn no more the brave;
Tho' no proud chief shall hear the trumpet's clang
Car-borne, but on his long-forgotten grave.
The bearded thistle shake, the rank grass wave;
Tho' many a castle's sinking turrets, lone
Amidst the dale, no hand essay to save,
Where looks the fox, as the low breezes moan,
Thro' the dim broken arch with hoary moss o'er-
grown?

Yet shall the laird, as sovereign of his clan,
Still love to visit his paternal vale;
Still pass the sod, where streams of carnage ran,
And muse on each traditionary tale,
Where rows of pensile armour never fail
To wake the past—the targe, o'ergrown with rust,
The dinted shield, the wide-disjointed mail,
And many a dirk that bloody scales encrust, [dust]
Which tell of battling chiefs, and call them from the

Such are the feelings scorn'd by those, who shift
Their place, unceasing—dissipation's spawn
That float upon the world's broad stream adrift!
See the light heir, far off by fashion drawn,
Without a sigh forsake the pathless lawn,
The dome devoted once to frolic glee:
No sweet sensations o'er his bosom dawn,
Tho' groves that wav'd in ancient days he see—
No charm can he perceive in time-worn tower or tree.

Yet the gay youth, who glitters thro' the crowd,
When droops by pain assail'd his throbbing head;
Yet all the rich, the pamper'd, and the proud
When death's terrific shadows round them spread,
Shall hail that home so long from memory fled!
Yet, when the fashions shall no more exalt
The buoyant heart with dreams by folly bred,
Nor pleasure with her harlot smile assault;
Its last fond sigh shall seek the still paternal vault.

Low on his pillow fortune's minion lies:

Home, once again, a moment, soothes his breast.

"O bear me to my castled park (he cries),

"Bear but these relics where my fathers rest!"

While, as the ideal hearse, with trappings drest,
O'er many a mile in slow procession glooms;

Amidst the emblazon'd arms, the mottoed crest,
Each little earth-born vanity assumes [plumes!
A trembling seat, or courts the long, long nodding

AND, O! believe the muse unvers in art,

Retirement holds a mirror, to reflect
To meditation's eye, the expanded heart;

When, ere it glistens with vain colors deckt,

Full oft the lurking foible we detect

Amid the secret folds a sluggish worm!

And if, as troubles darken, we collect

Of vernal peace and joy each scattering form, [storm!

How sweet, from such a home, to smile upon the


**THE INFLUENCE
OF
LOCAL ATTACHMENT,**

WITH RESPECT TO HOME.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

Written in 1791, on a visit to the Author's paternal Seat, during his recovery from a violent Illness.

An instinct of the universal mind,
Lo, rising to a vivid ardor, glows
The local passion, when in *souls refin'd*
It breathes; and, *after absence*, bliss bestows;
And o'er *the free, the untainted* bosom flows;
And *the heart soften'd by distress* inspires;
And seeks, in *scenes of early youth*, repose;
And to a still *secluded spot* retires;
And consecrates a *home where liv'd and died our sires*.



THEN, O ye woods, perhaps in kind relief,
Ye wave, the sighs of such a heart to suit—
Ye conscious woods, that, rustling, soothe my grief
Now plaintive as a tone from pity's lute;
That now, as sinks each leafy murmur, mute,
Bid e'en the untrembling aspin pause on air;
Alas! with many a feeling too acute,
From your lov'd haunts 'twas mine to wander far!
Yet not a feeling died, extinct thro' sordid care.

How "wearisome the race my feet have run,"
Since on this green I gather'd infant flowers!
Ah! little dream'd I, when life's morn begun,
That I should pass, an exile, my pale hours,
Where on her blackening cloud affliction lours;
Where sickness gives to bitter tears the night:
Yet, distant from *Polwhele's* deserted bowers,
Hath sorrow, tainting the purpureal light, [sight.
Obscur'd those lovely scenes, which once refresh'd my

Each object by a few short years how chang'd!

The hall, where once we met the cheerful blaze;

The chairs in social order once arrang'd;

Those mouldering pannels where we us'd to gaze

On the light shadework that in many a maze

Danc'd to the foliage of yon falling elm,

While evening ting'd its boughs with saffron rays;

Those portraits, where the golden-pictur'd helm---

The hauberk's mimic steel, dark webs and dust o'er-
whelm.

And, as the parlour-hinges harshly grate,

The torn prints flutter but the type of me,---

Where gleam'd, so warm but erst, the crimson seat,

And once so rich appear'd the soft settee;

Where, the flower'd carpet as I trod with glee,

The mirror would reflect my frolic smile;

Where from yon screen, once wrought in filigree

By some old aunt with ill-requited toil,

I oft the spangles pick'd, and look'd askance the while.

There too, above the round-archt portal, hung
The branching antlers of a forest-deer,
For whom with hounds and horn the wild-wood rung.
But, as enamour'd of the sylvan cheer,
Full many a moon o'er vallies, far and near,
He ran, and seem'd to scorn the murderous crew;
Till, where the tops of yon oaks scarce appear,
The gunner bade his blood the copse imbrue---
Yet e'en that relic pale is vanish'd from the view!

Drear is that wall, where Edwin us'd to prune
From the rich nectarine each luxuriant shoot;
Where, (pert intruder as I bask'd at noon,)
He lov'd to thin the yet unripen'd fruit,
Or net to every train'd morella suit.
And lo! where light its twinkling florets play'd,
The dark-green jasmine shrivell'd to its root!
And the grass-walk, where sighs the poplar-shade,
Sinks deep at every step with leaves and moss o'erlaid.

Alas! the chesnut on yon slaty mount

Which the wild eddies of the westwind brav'd,

No more o'ershadows that perennial fount,

Nor, late dismantled as the tempest rav'd,

Waves the fair blossoms which it whilom wav'd!

And lo! its wither'd roots no longer gleam

Thro' the clear riv'let that its fibres lav'd---

There, where the pigeon-cote that met the beam

Of morn, now prostrate lies amid the brawling stream.

Lorn is the landscape, since the blissful prime,

When on the daisied green I deftly play'd,

Caught the quick radiance quiv'ring thro' the lime,

Breath'd the fresh odors of its evening shade,

And on its bark the rude impression made---

E'en now, half-crusted o'er, the name appears!

And, where my school-companions cross'd the
glade,

Lo! other sweet memorials wakening tears, [years!

Wear, like the joys they speak, the pale cold damp of

'Twas then, as we ran up the shelving bank,

If glanc'd upon our eyes *Trevoro's* spire,

We stop'd, and (ceas'd awhile each agile prank)

Long'd, as the sun-struck steeple seem'd on fire,

From such a scaring object to retire!

Stern o'er the immuring school that steeple rose!

And now, let loose, we wish'd with fond desire

Far off, in sweet oblivion, to repose— [woes.

Far off from humming cares, and birch-begotten

But soon we sent reflection to the winds,

And from that bank in vengeance strove to reach

The yellow pear, and scorn'd the tie that binds

The timid, aiming at the downy peach;

Or gave the magpie, nestling in her beech,

The coal-streakt eggs of barn-door hen to hatch;

Or, scrambling thro' the brake where howlets screech,

The clawing young ones seiz'd with wild dispatch;

Or lur'd, by lanthorn-light, the sparrows from the

thatch!

But, in a softer hour, a female troop
Of school-imps from the town, I lov'd to hail;
And, fond to mingle with the tittering groupe,
For them would pick the sorrel of the dale,
The wall-flower brightening by the garden-rail,
The silk anemone, the gay jonquil;
Or, midst its leaves detect the strawberry pale,
Some future day resolv'd to eat our fill;
Or seek green apples crude, ascending the rough hill.

Still in the cause of gentle beauty staunch,
For them I climb'd that silk-worm tree decay'd,
And shook, advent'rous, the too slender branch;
Whilst with her open mouth each wanton maid
Catching the juicy fruit, her skill display'd!
When, oft as I remark'd, approaching sly,
Their chins that, stain'd so red, the freak betray'd;
Some pretty Thisbe wink'd her roguish eye,
And squeez'd upon my face the berry's sanguine dye.

Nor seldom, by a roimpish girl amus'd,
I pluck'd the yellow ribbon from her cap,
That on the rosetint of her cheeks diffus'd
A flushing light, as wild she aim'd a slap!
Then, as with hazel-nuts I fill'd her lap,
Strang scarlet haws, or wove the field-flower crown,
Then (tho' my face would rue the sad mishap)
With sudden jerk I threw the damsel down,
Yet stole a lurking smile beneath her mimic frown!

And I would oft, to soberer pleasures prone,
Observe my parent the young cherry plant;
Visit the swelling beds with acorns sown,
And mark, if his red oaklings thick or scant
Sprang up, or if his vigorous grafts might want
The pruning hand; or scent with honest Tray
The covey'd birds; or, nigh the woodcock's haunt,
Now anxious for the few last gleams of day,
Mid opening pines arrest the poor bird's twilight way.

But ah, my girl! how fleeting is the view
 Of pleasures shar'd with thee!—Even now I shed
 Fresh tears; in fancy all my griefs renew;
 And wring my little hands beside thy bed:
 Press thy cold lips, and pillow up thy head!
 Yet, by a sweet remembrance sooth'd, I tell
 How with a placid smile thy spirit fled;
 And on those charities delight to dwell
 Which I ador'd in death, and lov'd in life so well!

And *she*, congenial mind!—*she*, too, is gone,
 Whose cherub features yet the scene endear—
 She, whom a brother's love with pride shall own,
 As long as love shall heave the sigh sincere!
 Thy lively voice yet vibrates on my ear,
 While on thy favourite crocus' golden hue,
 Thy lily's tender tint, I drop a tear;
 While I again salute as life were new, [bell blue.
 Thy garden's southern hedge, where peep'd the hare.

Yes! where the lilies flaunt their vagrant shade,
 With thee I seem to haste, as once we hied,
 To the trim spot, mid-wild my careless spade,
 And plant thy roots, the sunny fence beside,
 And prop thy hyacinth's, thy tulip's pride;
 Or listen to thy woodnotes clear and sweet;
 And bid thy gentle redbreast there abide—
 Poor cheerless bird!—thinks thy form to meet,
 Still hopping o'er each print that marks thy little feet!

'Twas there the blackbird built his early nest,
 Neat artist! plastering its pale-moss with clay;
 And, midst the yet unblossom'd hawthorn blest,
 Swell'd to the morning light his sprightly lay.
 And there, while fleecy clouds sank west away,
 Thy own melodious robin pour'd her throat;
 Nor ceas'd, tho' all around were dusky grey.
 Even now, the melancholy warblings float—
 I see thee charm'd, as erst, by every pensive note!

Such was the faery moment, when I chas'd,
 The glitter of the rainbow, yet a boy;
 When each new form my ardent hopes embrac'd;
 When each short sorrow was absorb'd in joy.
 But ah! full soon I heav'd a deepning sigh—
 Full soon I felt the enthusiast's kindling fire
 As nature open'd to my eager eye!
 Then expectation and high-flush'd desire
 To wilder minstrel tones awak'd my trembling lyre.

O ye green woodwalks, breathing fresh delight!
 Ye glens, where fond imagination stray'd;
 Yet once again, in summer-foliage bright,
 O fold me in your health-restoring shade!
 Ye breezes, that on wings of rapture play'd
 To raise on my young cheeks a livelier bloom,
 O give me back those spirits that fast fade
 Chill'd by the world! One moment, yet relume
 My lamp of life that faints amid the gathering gloom!

How oft, where your fall umbrage, wave on wave,

Floated on air, in sweet delirium lost,

I rovd; and sought at eve the dripping cave;

And, as the lunar hour I valued most,

Welcom'd the line of dancing light that cross'd

The pond's deep shadow, or the still repose

Of moonlov'd bank that seem'd to sleep in frost—

Delicious at the day's solstitial close;—

Or the rash gleaming green, where lambent meteors

And when the plane was tawny-rob'd; when glow'd

The scarlet sycamore; when pale the lime

Tinctur'd by autumn's magic pencil flow'd;—

When shone each polisht trunk, or white from

Glimmer'd beneath the gradual touch of time;

When calm the lucent cloud seem'd clad with dews,

Veiling the sun ere yet he pour'd; sublime,

O'er all the filmy field a thousand hues;

Listening to every leaf, I hail'd the varied views!

But, with my muse accordant, the sad air, wail
 Of sable-cinctur'd winter, charm'd my mind;
 When thro' the trees of yon steep orchard, bare
 And strip of every shelter, unconfid'
 I Darted my eye, and saw the valley wind
 As with a wider scope. Alert and brisk,
 Then danc'd my balmy spirits, tho' enshrin'd
 In frosty mist appear'd the solar disk,
 While on yon croft I view'd the new-born lambskins

And, as with one dark aspect, were embrown'd
 The furzy upland, plash, and filbert-hedge;
 Pleas'd have I heard the bittern's croak resound
 Amidst the crackling of the tangled sedge;
 Or saunter'd at the pool's pale-osier'd edge,
 Startling the wild duck; or, as clear and still
 Stream'd the frost-ether, listen'd from that ledge
 Of rockstone, to the shrieking heron shrill;
 Or the grey plover ey'd, far-wheeling round the hill

Amid these walks my mounting spirit flew
 Up to the proudest times of old renown;
 When a long lineage I too fondly drew,
 And saw the glittering vane its turret crown!
 And mark'd around the moat, a vassal town!
 But ah! descending into Charles's days,
 That spirit sank before the blasting frown
 Of dire usurpers fiercely-leagu'd to raze
 Each monument of fair hereditary praise.

Yet, tho' I mus'd upon heroic worth,
 (Fostering, alas! a vain transmitted pride)
 Of sweet emotions soon I trac'd the birth;
 And, since responsive feelings were denied
 Mid social circles, by the gelid side
 Of woodbin'd fountain breath'd my amorous flame,
 As from my lips half-utter'd murmurs died!
 And, as I strove to speak Eliza's name, [shame
 Tho' plunging into shade, I blush'd for conscious

'Twas thus I told my passion to these groves
That in soft whispers o'er their inmate hung—
But oh! not long, to nurse my lonely loves,
Their “spreading favor” friendly shadows flung.
Full soon the pangs of parting anguish wrung
My bosom, as I bade these groves adieu!
“Ah! never more, to aid my faltering tongue,
Shall your soft whispers, to my passion true,
Repeat, how closely link young love and fancy grew.”

Then, as to other tenants I resign'd
My genial meads, my dear paternal walls,
How many a sorrowing look I cast behind!
And, tho' immur'd where pale-ey'd science calls
Her votaries to the pomp of learned halls,
Long'd to revisit this sweet solitude—
Where I might guide romantic waterfalls,
Form into wavy lawn yon hillocks rude,
And mid creations fair, poetic visions brood.

But ah! 'twas mine, beneath far other bowers,

Towood the muses to my Laura's praise—

Tho' brilliant, Laura! not serene as ours!

Ah! little suited to my Dorian lays!

What tho' a Courtenay's lively taste may raise

Groves ever green, and landscapes ever new;

And greet exotic Flora in full blaze

Unfolding her bright progeny to view;

Yet I prefer these fields and downs of russet hue.

What tho', where Haldon lifts its flinty head,

Where erst its heath in savage grandeur frown'd,

A Palk the gentler smile of beauty spread,

Soft blooms, umbrageous richness glowing round;

Tho', where the hand of classic skill hath crown'd

His pinewoods with a proud piazza'd dome,

He bid the voice of friendly mirth resound;

And, patron of the muses, ope the tome [home.

To learning's sons—I still embrace my humbler

And what avail'd, ye nymphs, your converse kind
Chasing the listless yawn from letter'd ease;
What, those sweet tones, that so entranc'd my mind?
Ah! what thy smiles my Julia! like the breeze
That whispers o'er the sleep of summer seas [wing—
When halcyon skims the expanse with emerald
Smiles, which the turbulence of wrath appease,
To cheering light the spleen-dark spirit bring, [sting?
And heal the festering wound, that rues affliction's

And lo, the maid! who far from Isca roves
Where sister-waves with Tavy's stream unite,
Whose melodies inspire the secret groves;
Whose innocence and candor, vestal-white,
Live in the lustre of their native light;
Whose polish'd manners might a court adorn;
The radiance of whose eyes beam heavenly-bright;
Whose blush, of sweet-retiring meekness born,
Glow, like the crimsoning sky, that mantles to the
morn!

Alas! the joys of youth, of health are o'er!

And I am sunk with trembling frame too low

To feel the charm of social pleasure more—

To breathe ecstatic ardors mid the flow

Of harmony! Alas! too well I know

The faintings of disease, to bid the plume

Instinct with all the poet's vivid glow

Waft me where visionary beauties bloom,

Riot in fields of bliss, and disappoint the tomb!

O! since my gaudier expectations fail,

Here shelter'd, may I heave a few fond sighs:

And, as the wounded dove o'er hill and dale

To her own nest, on flagging pinion flies,

Languish amidst domestic sympathies,

Sooth'd by these shades! Here, after many a blast

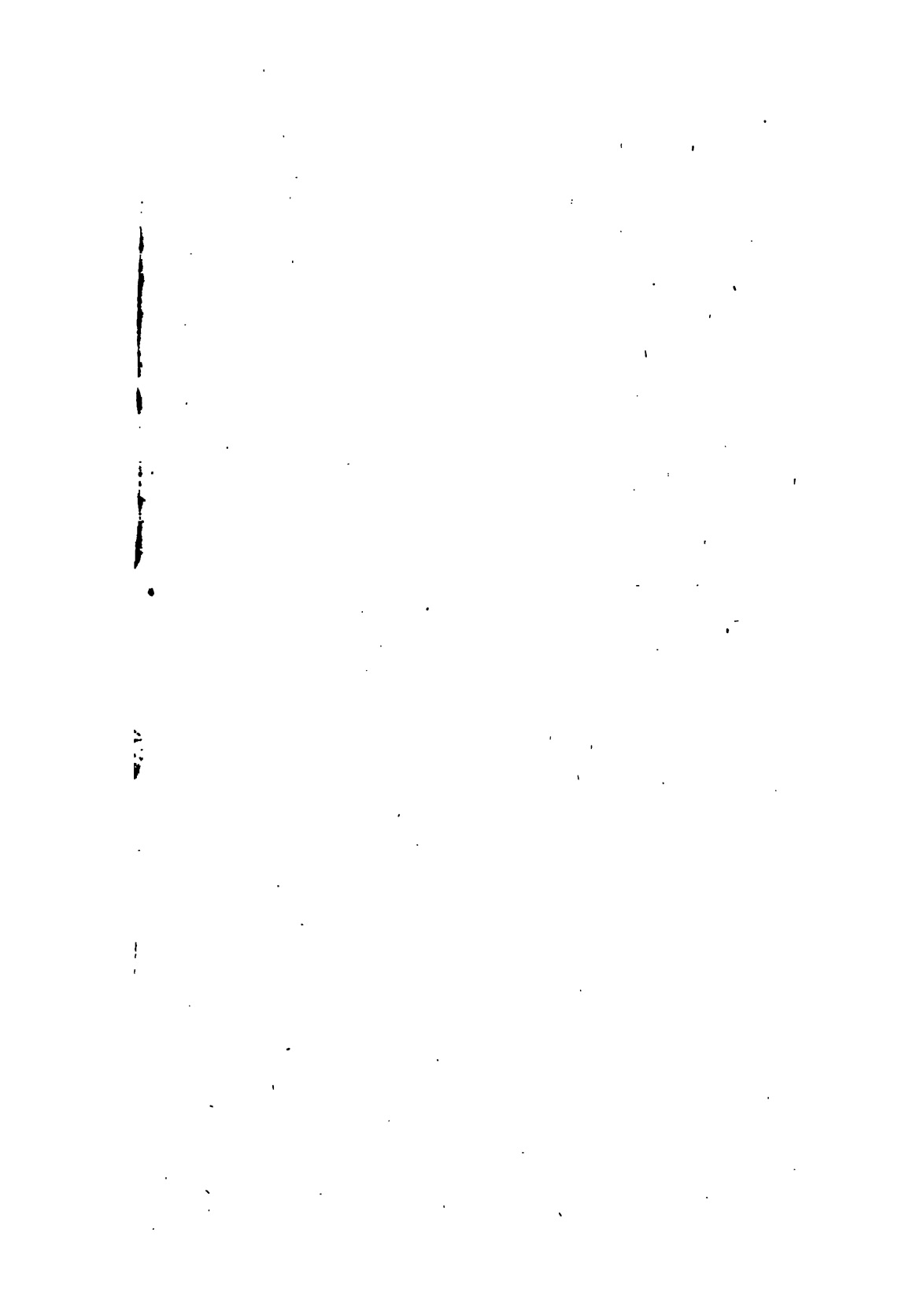
Darkening the pale horizon of my skies—

Once more be mine, ere yet I breathe my last,

In holy silence husht, to muse o'er all the past!

Be mine, in every little trivial link
That holds me here, to mark the Almighty Power;
And, whilst the ideas fair (that seem'd to sink
In wintry darkness) rise, and round my tower
Break the dull gloom, as spring renews the
flower;
O may I bless the Being, that bestow'd
Such simple aid to cheer the drooping hour;
And view, if Virtue light this calm abode,
The path to that pure heaven, where saints be-
hold their God!

END OF THE POEM.



6

